

Bradford Reporter.

WEDNESDAY.

Regardless of Denunciation from any Quarter.—Gov. PORTER.

BY E. S. GOODRICH & SON.

TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., FEBRUARY 12, 1845.

NO. 25.

[From the Evening Mirror.] Spirit Longings.

BY MISS SARAH JANE CLARK.

Look upon life's glorious things,
The deathless themes of song,
The grand, the proud, the beautiful,
The wild, the free, the strong,
And wish that I might take a part
Of what to them belongs.

Hurrah, the fearless ship goes forth
Where ocean billows sweep!
Proud as a steed, swift as a bird,
She dashes through the deep!
Her drapery of snowy sail
Around her stately form,
Majestic Juno in the calm,
Belona in the storm!

Thus may I, on the sea of life,
Launch forth all strong and brave—
Wait through the lonely, tedious calm,
And breast the stormy wave.

Bold Eagle, gazer on the sun—
Child of the upper air!
In low, unworthy strifes and sports
He deigneth not to share:

Behold him in a mountain land,
When storm-clouds roll on high,
Upon the gathering tempest lock
With calm, uncowing eye!

Loud thunders peal and crash around—
He knoweth no affright,
But spreads his wing upon the blast.
And speeds his upward flight!

Red lightnings blaze along his path,
—And play around his form—
He joys, he glories, he exults,
In striving with the storm!

Thus may my nature bear with her
Whatever may betide;
A scorn of all things low and mean,
A stern and lofty pride:

Thus may I dauntless, daring strength
Be given unto my soul,
Thus, through the tempests may it sweep
On, upward to its goal!

The bright, the beautiful, the glad,
The swift and silvery river!
Dim woods, dark rocks around it frown,
But it laugheth on forever!

Thus may my heart, a joyous thing,
Go laughing o'er the earth,
And nothing sadden, nothing awe,
Its careless, childlike mirth.

The blue, the broad, the deep, the strong,
The wild, unfettered Sea!
He thinks he might have taught the world
That God had made it free.

He lies at rest, upon his breast
The stars are mirrored bright—
He sees move through the courts of heaven,
The lovely Queen of night,

And his strong pulses bound to meet
Her sweet smile's placid light!
Through worlds—though all created things
Should threaten and command,

He lies at rest. But see, the winds
Are loosed from God's right hand,
And the sea's wild screameth with affright,
And the seaman steers to land!

Thus may this soul of mine be free,
Thus mirror things above,
Thus may its soft tides ever swell
Beneath the smile of love;

Thus may the will of God, alone,
Move its unfathomed deep,
And wake its rushing, flashing thoughts
From their inglorious sleep!

Grade star lit up in heaven,
And meekly beaming there,
Quiet comes trembling down
The sweet and silent air;

Within the mist, behind the cloud,
His living rays still shine,
He sacred fires, mid incense wreaths
That circle round the shrine.

Thus may my life shine forth a star,
Through all existence's night;
Quenched by mists, undimmed by clouds,
And lost in morn's full light.

Earthly crowns may bind my brow,
No gems about me shine;
At these, all these I covet now,
God helping, shall be mine!

My soul shall yet defy life's storms,
In all their blustering ire—
My heart laugh at the thunder peal,
Still rolling heavier, nigher,

By burning and unquelling eye
Flash back the lightning's fire!
I shall that soul seek to enfold
The wide world in its love—

I shall that heart be as an ark
For every wearied dove,
And still that eye be often raised
To pray and faith above!

[From the Knickerbocker.] A Night of Terror.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED NOVEL.

"A fearful night!
There is no stir, nor walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element
Is favored like the work we have in hand."
Shakespeare.

The rain poured in torrents from the darkened heavens, the thunder roared, the lightning flashed and it almost seemed as if the fate of Gomorrah hung over the city, so fearful was the strife, so endless the war of the angry elements. The deluged streets were perfectly deserted; apparently, no human being dared to venture forth. The hour of midnight had already sounded from the different clocks in the town and all animate nature seemed awed into silence; when suddenly, by the occasional flashes, a carriage was seen to dash through the streets with a rapidity scarcely equalled by the lightning itself; it might have been the chariot of some Spirit of the Tempest flying from the pursuit of some victorious enemy, so reckless did it rush through the thick darkness that enveloped all around.

It stopped before the door of a small, obscurely situated house, when a tall figure, closely wrapped in a cloak, sprang from the box where, apparently regardless of all risk, he had sat enacting the part of coachman; and pulling the bell with a violence that threatened its destruction, he at length succeeded in rousing one of the inmates of the dwelling.

So strangely timed a visit probably excited the apprehension of the individual thus imperatively summoned; for instead of opening the door, a female was heard to demand from a window above, the name and purpose of the impatient visitor.

"In the name of all that is good, for the love of heaven, and the fear of hell, come down instantly, and do not stop to ask any more questions, or you may have the life of a fellow creature to answer for!" was the hurried reply.

The woman seemed less surprised than might have been expected from the impetuous manner of the strange visitor. She was evidently one accustomed to witness the agitated and anxious sympathy they generally betray who watch the agonizing throes of her whose appointed task it is, through groans and suffering, to bring into the world an accountable being. It was her business to usher into life these little heirs of immortality; and she knew that the joy of parents are often purchased by some hours of anxiety to the one, and no slight meed of previous bodily sufferings to the other; she therefore did not much wonder at the excited manner of the individual who had called upon her at such an unreasonable hour; but supposing that it might be some case of peculiar urgency, for which he had thus hurried her to the exertion of her skill, she hastily provided herself, as she best could, with protection against the storm, which still raged with unabated fury, and ran down stairs without farther questioning.

But what was her horror on descending, to perceive that not only was his figure completely muffled in a cloak, but that his face was entirely concealed by a mask! She was about to rush back up stairs, when he seized her with a grasp that set all resistance at defiance, and proceeded to bandage her eyes with his handkerchief. As was to be expected, she struggled violently, and reiterated the question as to who he was, and what was his plea for such unwarrantable usage. He replied by drawing from his cloak a pistol, which instantly silenced the frightened woman.

"Be still," he said, "and I pledge you my honor as a gentleman you shall receive no injury; but give vent to one scream, call once for assistance, and you shall never utter sound again, until the last dread trump shall awaken the dead! It is for the good of others, and not for any harm to yourself, that I call upon you to submit to all that I shall see fit to do. You are wanted for one to whom your assistance is imperiously necessary, and you must accompany me, and do your duty without remonstrance. I repeat, any struggle for assistance or escape will be fatal to you. I never threaten twice!"

All this was said rapidly, and although with dreadful energy and emphasis, in a suppressed tone of voice, the mysterious stranger having closed the street door as soon as the female admitted him. He now again opened it, and beckoned the footman who,

masked like his master, stood ready with his hand on the carriage door; the steps were instantly let down, and the woman, reflecting that not only might any objection on her part occasion instant death, but that it might also deprive a fellow creature of the aid of which, from what had taken place, must have been considered imperatively necessary, she suffered herself to be thrust into the carriage, the door was immediately closed, and uttering the single word "Beware!" the disguised stranger again mounted the coach-box, and urging the horses to their utmost speed, they were soon flying through the storm with the same mysterious swiftness as before.

More than once was the woman tempted to burst the door open, and by springing into the street, endeavor to make her escape; but the risk of being arrested, and the benevolent anxiety already alluded to, withheld her, and in almost breathless silence she kept her seat. Every precaution had been taken to prevent her from discovering the course of the vehicle, for not trusting to the darkness of the night, the blinds were so securely fastened that it was impossible for her to let them down for an instant, and she could by no means catch a glimpse of the street through which they passed. It seemed evident to her, however, that instead of pursuing a direct course, the carriage went more than once round the same square, and backward and forward through the same street; at last it stopped suddenly; the door was immediately opened, she was almost dragged out; the same strange hoarse voice muttered "come!" and without being allowed an instant to take breath, she was hurried through what seemed a long passage and up a flight of stairs; a door evidently opened, she was led in, and it was again closed; then, and not till then, was the bandage withdrawn from her eyes.

Having regained the use of her sight, she began to look eagerly around her; but the stranger, without taking off his mask, drew her quickly to the bedside, and pointing to a female who lay thereon, bade her render her the necessary assistance. This unfortunate being was evidently in a state of extreme suffering. "The hour of Nature's sorrow," pressed heavily upon her, and she lay upon her side and groaned piteously; no human being stood near to alleviate the pangs she endured; and as if to add as much as possible to their poignancy, a mask closely covered her face, and thus as it were thrown back upon her the burthen of the long deep groans, which seemed to be forced upon her in spite of her evident effort to restrain them.

The woman's first idea was, it appeared, to relieve her patient from this extraordinary and cruel encumbrance; but the man, as soon as he perceived her benevolent intention, grasped her hand, and muttered in a low but stern voice, "It must not be removed." She felt that no remonstrance would avail with the awful and mysterious being into whose power she had been strangely thrown, and proceeded to do what she could for the relief of the poor creature who lay prostrate before her, insensible apparently to everything but the agony she endured.

Nature struggled long; it seemed as if the infant, that is about to be smuggled into life, dreaded to enter a world where so strange, so stern a reception awaited it; until at length the delicate frame of the future mother could no longer endure the mortal anguish, and she fainted.

Instinctively, and if not forgetful, at least heedless of the imperative commands of the stranger, the woman, without stopping to consider the risk she might incur by thus braving him, tore the mask from the face of the insensible sufferer, and disclosed to her astonished gaze one of the loveliest faces she had ever beheld.

"Woman?" exclaimed the man, in a tone of suppressed rage, "did I not command you?"

"Brute!" retorted she, "would you destroy two at once!—would you murder both mother and child? See, her strength has failed; her pulse is gone; she may be dead in five minutes, if she is stifled by this horrid mask!"

"Dead!" muttered the man, in a low deep voice of uncontrollable anguish; "dead! oh, no! any thing but that!"

The woman was too much engrossed by her needful care of the patient, to heed his words; and he perceiving that she had succeeded in restoring the fainting form to animation, returned to the occupation which seemed to have shared his attention with the business

of keeping a watchful eye upon the proceedings of the woman, viz: that of heaping log after log upon an already blazing fire in an adjoining room. This seemed more extraordinary as the spring was already far advanced, and the tightly-closed doors and windows rendered the atmosphere of the room more than sufficiently warm without such unseasonable aid. The door between the two rooms opened just opposite the bed; and as he paced up and down between it and the fire-place, he on each turn added to the immense pile, spite of the woman's more than once venturing to suggest to him that the room was already oppressively hot.

At length the struggle ceased, and the voice of a living child greeted the newly-made mother's ear; but no muttered sound of thanksgiving breathed in joyful contrast to the feeble wail of the infant; no beloved voice bade her "remember no more her anguish, for joy that a man was born into the world." The strange being did indeed spring forward as the woman announced to him (hoping thereby perhaps to soften the asperity of his apparently demoniacal temperament) that a noble boy, straight in limb and perfect in proportion, lived to bless his parents; but it was not to bestow a father's blessing on his first-born; it was not to imprint a father's kiss upon the miniature features; no, it was not the warm pressure of parental affection; but rather the savage grasp of a fiend, with which he seized the new-born infant, even before the woman had time to cover the little quivering frame with a single garment, and with rapid strides advanced with it to the fire, which has been already alluded to. The unfortunate mother seemed partly aware of the man's horrid purpose, even before her attendant, engrossed with the necessary care for her restoration, had perceived his approach, and in the most piteous accents besought him to replace the child beside her; a name evidently trembled on her lips; but even in that awful moment caution prevailed, and no word which could betray him escaped her. She pleaded, however, in vain; the mysterious wretch, for such he truly seemed, stopped indeed, apparently in spite of himself, at every new entreaty, but his purpose as it appeared, remained unaltered, for he replied in the same hoarse voice: "It must be done—you know it must be done!"

"Gracious Heaven! and by your hands?"

"Are they not fittest for such a deed?" replied he, in a tone of intense bitterness.

"No! no! no!" almost screamed the miserable mother; "it shall not be; Heaven and earth alike forbid it. Oh! do you take it from him!" continued she, addressing the woman; "you who have been rudely dragged to this house of guilt and misery; forgive me," (and here her eye turned to the masked figure, while as before a name trembled on her lips, though still she did not utter it.) "I know it was for my sake; but even this woman, who has no reason to feel grateful to either of us, she I am sure will add her prayer to mine."

"Take it then!" said the man, almost flinging the infant into the woman's arms, without giving her time to recover her powers of speech, benumbed as she was with horror, sufficiently to make any answer, "and let it be done quickly!"

"What?" demanded she.

"Destroy it, and that instantly, in that fire; and let not a trace of it remain!"

A faint scream of deep agony broke from the enfeebled mother, while the woman exclaimed: "Wretch! do you think any thing could tempt me to such a deed?"

"Then give it to me!" He was about to snatch the infant from her arms, but the mother turning on her a look of mingled despair and entreaty, besought her not to suffer him to take it from her. The woman, apparently struck with compassion at the piteous words, which indeed seemed the last the poor sufferer might ever utter, seeing how she sank back upon her pillow, with but little sign of life, retreated before his approach, pressing her burden more tightly in her arms.

"Then," said he, "you must do the deed; for I swear to you it shall be done, and that instantly!"

Without farther remonstrance, the woman now wrapped the little trembling, wailing infant in her cloak, which she threw hastily around her, and with an air of desperate resolution walked towards the door, saying: "If I am to execute your horrid purpose, you must remain by the bedside

of that poor victim of yours; she must not be left an instant in her present state; you must also suffer me to close the door, that the screams of the babe may not quite pierce its mother's ears; and give her this, she added, pouring something from a vial, "it may dull the consciousness of her misery, at least for a while."

The man acquiesced without making any answer; administered the draught; and sternly folding his arms, took his place by the side of the unhappy sufferer, who, completely exhausted by effort she had just made, still lay almost insensible, only giving evidence of life by the labored heaving of the snow-white chest, which had been completely bared to prevent her from sinking under the excessive heat, and an intense stare, which showed but too plainly that consciousness had survived her strength.

Almost immediately after the woman had shut door, the screams of the infant became fearfully audible; the man struck his closed fist rudely against his breast, as if to lay prostrate any feeling of compassion that might lurk there; and planting his foot firmly on the floor, seemed determined to continue resolutely insensible to the pleadings of nature.

After a momentary struggle, he turned his eye toward the female, and perceiving that she was now sinking into a stupor, to which the charitable draught had probably contributed as much as her previous exhaustion, he drew a long breath, and muttering "It is well!" advanced some steps toward the door, but remembered the woman's charge, he returned to the bedside. By this time, the cries became much fainter; a few minutes more, and they ceased entirely; and shortly after, the woman entered the room, her cloak closely wrapped around her, as if ready to depart.

The man approached her. "Is all over?" muttered he.

"Yes," she replied, in the same low tone, but casting a look of extreme horror at him; "the poor innocent shall never trouble you again." And then, as if to cut short any further communication with such wretch, she proceeded to give direction as to the further treatment of her patient; and was hurrying from the room, when the man stepped before her and put into her hands a purse with gold-pieces. The woman instantly dashed it to the floor, and in the most indignant tone exclaimed: "Do you think I will receive from you the price of blood! Take it back, monster that you are! and may your money perish with you!"

"As you like," he coldly replied, but not without shuddering slightly at the woman's words; "this however you must submit to;" and he again drew forth a handkerchief and advanced toward her. She shrunk from his touch, but made no resistance, and in silence permitted him to blindfold her as before. He then led her down the same flight of stairs, and through the same passage; repeatedly charging her to beware how she made any effort to discover either his name or the house to which she had been brought, which must, he warned her, bring upon her immediate destruction.

The house-door closed upon them, the carriage-door opened, she was assisted in and carried home by the same apparently unnecessarily circuitous route; the strange being helped her out; and not until her own door closed upon them, did he remove the bandage from her eyes. This done, he repeated his charge in still more emphatic words, and vanished from her sight; and here we will leave the bewildered woman to recover as she best may her scattered senses.

By this time the storm had passed away; the rays of early morning were beginning to streak the east; and Nature, as if refreshed rather than wearied by the recent conflict in which she had been engaged, was fast putting off the dull weeds of night, to array herself in the gorgeous robes of a southern spring day.

Al! could the storms which rage in the human bosom be as easily dispelled; could the dark passions which devastate the heart of man thus retreat before the sunshine of peace, this world would not be the scene of misery it now is. The fair gardens which decorate the face of our mother Earth may for a while be shorn of their beauty by the raging of the pitiless storm; but they will bloom again, and with renovated vigor and added beauty; when the refreshing alternations of dew and sunshine restore them to life. Alas! is it thus with that source and spring of evil the human heart?—Can peace

again take up the abode there, when once it has been so rudely thrust out by those monopolizing guests which rage with more wildness than any outward storm of the elements? Alas, no! We have been told, and every day's experience shows us, that with man this is impossible.

Education in Ireland.

There is an engine in the course of construction in Ireland, which, in twenty or thirty years hence, will work a greater revolution than even the temperance movement of Father Matthew. This is primary or elementary education. The engine will run in the same groove with the pledge of Father Matthew, but it will augment its power a hundred fold! Hitherto Scotland has taken the lead in education and knowledge, but Ireland bids fair to outstrip both the sister kingdoms in these respects, and regain that ascendancy which she maintained three thousand years ago, when she was denominated by the ancients the "Insula Sacra." I have kept an eye on the scholastic movements in various parts of the Emerald Isle, and have no hesitation in stating that it is advancing with rapid strides—with infinitely greater momentum than in any other portion of the British dominions. If I am asked why is this? I would say the Irish student's senses are more acute, his imagination more vivid, and his brain more active than those of the English or Scotch. Pat, with half the means, will compass double the ends that either Sawney or Bull would effect under similar circumstances. I do not believe there is a person on the face of the earth more apt to learn, or better capacitated to receive instruction, than the Irish. The rising generation of youth in that country are sucking in learning and knowledge as greedily as they did the milk from the mother's breast!—Dr. James Johnston's tour in Ireland.

NO SOUL TO PAIN.—The Rev James Armstrong preached at Harmony, near the Wabash, when a doctor at that place, a professed deist or infidel, called on his associates to accompany him while he attacked the Methodist, as he said. At first he asked Mr. Armstrong "if he followed preaching to save souls?" who answered in the affirmative. "He then asked Mr. Armstrong 'if he ever saw a soul?' "No." "If he ever tasted a soul?" "No." "If he ever felt a soul?" "Yes, thank God," said Mr. Armstrong. "Well," said the doctor, "there are four or five senses against one to evidence there is no soul!" Mr. Armstrong then asked the gentleman "if he was a doctor of medicine?" and he was also answered in the affirmative. He then asked the doctor "if he ever saw a pain?" "No." "If he ever heard a pain?" "No." "If he ever tasted a pain?" "No." "If he ever felt a pain?" "Yes." Mr. Armstrong then said: "There are also four senses against one to evidence that there is no pain; and yet, sir, you know there is a pain, and I know there is a soul." The doctor appeared confounded, and walked off.

GAYETY.—The are two kinds of gayety: the one arises from want of heart; being touched by no pity, sympathizing with no pain even of its own causing, it shines and glitters like a frost bound river in the gleaming sun. The other springs from an excess of heart; that is from a heart overflowing with kindness towards all men and all things; and suffering under no superadded grief, it is light from the happiness which it causes—from the happiness which it sees. This may be compared to the same river, sparkling and smiling under the sun of summer, and running on to give felicity and increase to all within and even many beyond its reach.

THE IMPATIENT PROFESSOR.—The following is given as an illustration of the inability of the American mind to comprehend the mysticism of the Germans. Professor Stowe, in his late address at Bowdoin College, told an amusing story of an interview between a Yankee professor and one holding the same rank in a German university. The former had been listening for some time to the discourse of the latter, and continually interrupted him for explanations. These were given, but they were more difficult to understand than the original expositors. At last the German, losing all patience, lifted up both his hands and exclaimed, with solemn emphasis, "Mein Gott! forgive Christopher Columbus for ever discovering America."